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Thomas Spencer Jerome

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The Island Race

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"Mr. Newbolt's little book smacks deliciously of the true fountain."—*The Independent*.

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JOHN LANE, 140 Fifth Ave., New York.

The Island Race

By
Henry Newbolt



New York
John Lane
1899

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To
Robert Bridges



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THE ISLAND RACE

Admiral Death

Boys, are ye calling a toast to-night ?
 (Hear what the sea-wind saith)
Fill for a bumper strong and bright,
 And here's to Admiral Death !
He's sailed in a hundred builds o' boat,
He's fought in a thousand kinds o' coat,
He's the senior flag of all that float,
 And his name's Admiral Death.

Which of you looks for a service free ?
 (Hear what the sea-wind saith)
The rules o' the service are but three
 When ye sail with Admiral Death.
Steady your hand in time o' squalls,
Stand to the last by him that falls,
And answer clear to the voice that 'calls,
 "Ay, ay ! Admiral Death !"

Admiral Death

How will ye know him among the rest ?
 (Hear what the sea-wind saith)
By the glint o' the stars that cover his breast
 Ye may find Admiral Death.
By the forehead grim with an ancient scar,
By the voice that rolls like thunder far,
By the tenderest eyes of all that are,
 Ye may know Admiral Death.

Where are the lads that sailed before ?
 (Hear what the sea-wind saith)
Their bones are white by many a shore,
 They sleep with Admiral Death.
Oh ! but they loved him, young and old,
For he left the laggard, and took the bold,
And the fight was fought, and the story's told,
 And they sleep with Admiral Death.

The Quarter-Gunner's Barn

WE lay at St. Helen's, and easy she rode
With one anchor catted and fresh water stowed;
When the barge came alongside like bullocks we
 roared,
For we knew what we carried with Nelson aboard.

Our Captain was Hardy, the pride of us all,
I'll ask for none better when danger shall call,
He was hardy by nature and Hardy by name,
And soon by his conduct to honour he came.

The third day the Lizard was under our lee,
Where the *Ajax* and *Thunderer* joined us at sea,
But what with foul weather and tacking about
When we sighted the fleet we were thirteen days
 out.

The Captains they all came aboard quick enough,
But the news that they brought was as heavy as
 duff,
So backward an enemy never was seen,
They were harder to come at than Cheeks the
 Marine.

The Quarter-Gunner's Varn

The lubbers had hare's-lugs where seamen have ears,
So we stowed all saluting and smothered our cheers,
And to humour their stomachs and tempt them to dine
In the offing we showed them but six of the line.

One morning the topmen reported below
The old *Agamemnon* escaped from the foe ;
Says Nelson, " My lads, there'll be honour for some,
For we're sure of a battle now Berry has come."

" Up hammocks ! " at last cried the bo'sun at dawn ;
The guns were cast loose and the tompions drawn ;
The gunner was bustling the shotracks to fill,
And " All hands to quarters " was piped with a will.

We now saw the enemy bearing ahead,
And to east of them Cape Trafalgar it was said ;
'Tis a name we remember from father to son,
That the days of old England may never be done.

The Quarter-Gunner's Barn

The *Victory* led, to her flag it was due,
Tho' the *Téméraires* thought themselves Admirals too,
But Lord Nelson he hailed them with masterful grace—
“Cap'n Harvey, I'll thank you to keep in your place.”

To begin with we closed the *Bucentaure* alone,
An eighty-gun ship, and their Admiral's own,
We raked her but once, and the rest of the day
Like a hospital hulk on the water she lay.

To our battering next the *Redoubtable* struck,
But her sharpshooters gave us the worst of the luck,
Lord Nelson was wounded, most cruel to tell,
“They've done for me, Hardy,” he cried as he fell.

To the cockpit in silence they carried him past,
And sad were the looks that were after him cast,
His face with a kerchief he tried to conceal,
But we knew him too well from the truck to the keel.

When the Captain reported a victory won,
“Thank God!” he kept saying, “my duty I've done.”
At last came the moment to kiss him good-bye,
And the Captain for once had the salt in his eye.

The Quarter-Gunner's Yarn

"Now anchor, dear Hardy," the Admiral cried,
But before we could make it he fainted and
died,
All night in the trough of the sea we were tossed
And for want of groundtackle good prizes were
lost.

Then we hauled down the flag, at the fore it was
red,
And blue at the mizzen was hoisted instead
By Nelson's famed Captain, the pride of each
tar
Who fought in the *Victory* off Cape Trafalgar.

For a Trafalgar Cenotaph

**Love of England, stand awhile and gaze
With thankful heart, and lips refrained from
praise:**

**They rest beyond the speech of human pride
Who served with Nelson and with Nelson died.**

Craven

(Mobile Bay, 1864)

OVER the turret, shut in his ironclad tower,
Craven was conning his ship through smoke
and flame ;

Gun to gun he had battered the fort for an hour,
Now was the time for a charge to end the game.

There lay the narrowing channel, smooth and
grim,

A hundred deaths beneath it, and never a sign ;
There lay the enemy's ships, and sink or swim
The flag was flying, and he was head of the line.

The fleet behind was jamming : the monitor hung
Beating the stream ; the roar for a moment
hushed ;

Craven spoke to the pilot ; slow she swung ;
Again he spoke, and right for the foe she rushed.

Into the narrowing channel, between the shore
And the sunk torpedoes lying in treacherous
rank ;

She turned but a yard too short ; a muffled roar,
A mountainous wave, and she rolled, righted,
and sank.

Craven

Over the manhole, up in the ironclad tower,
Pilot and Captain met as they turned to fly :
The hundredth part of a moment seemed an
hour,
For one could pass to be saved, and one must
die.

They stood like men in a dream ; Craven spoke,
Spoke as he lived and fought, with a Captain's
pride,
“ After you, Pilot : ” the pilot woke,
Down the ladder he went, and Craven died.

*All men praise the deed and the manner : but we—
We set it apart from the pride that stoops to the
proud,
The strength that is supple to serve the strong and
free,
The grace of the empty hands and promises loud :*

*Sidney thirsting a humbler need to slake,
Nelson waiting his turn for the surgeon's hand,
Lucas crushed with chains for a comrade's sake,
Outram coveting right before command,*

*These were paladins, these were Craven's peers,
These with him shall be crowned in story and
song,
Crowned with the glitter of steel and the glimmer of
tears,
Princes of courtesy, merciful, proud and strong.*

Messmates

He gave us all a goodbye cheerily
At the first dawn of day ;
We dropped him down the side full drearily
When the light died away.
It's a dead dark watch that he's a-keeping there,
And a long, long night that lags a-creeping there,
Where the Trades and the tides roll over him
And the great ships go by.

He's there alone with green seas rocking him
For a thousand miles round ;
He's there alone with dumb things mocking him,
And we're homeward bound.
It's a long, lone watch that he's a-keeping there,
And a dead cold night that lags a-creeping there,
While the months and the years roll over him
And the great ships go by.

I wonder if the tramps come near enough
As they thrash to and fro,
And the battle-ships' bells ring clear enough
To be heard down below ;

Messmates

If through all the lone watch that he's a-keeping
there

And the long, cold night that lags a-creeping
there

The voices of the sailor-men shall comfort him
When the great ships go by.

2

The Death of Admiral Blake

(August 17th, 1657)

LADEN with spoil of the South, fulfilled with the
glory of achievement,
And freshly crowned with never-dying fame,
Sweeping by shores where the names are the
names of the victories of England,
Across the Bay the Squadron homeward came.

Proudly they came, but their pride was the pomp
of a funeral at midnight,
When dreader yet the lonely morrow looms ;
Few are the words that are spoken, and faces are
gaunt beneath the torchlight
That does but darken more the nodding plumes.

Low on the field of his fame, past hope lay the
Admiral triumphant,
And fain to rest him after all his pain ;
Yet for the love that he bore to his own land, ever
unforgotten,
He prayed to see the Western hills again.

The Death of Admiral Blake

Fainter than stars in a sky long gray with the
coming of the daybreak
Or sounds of night that fade when night is
done,
So in the death-dawn faded the splendour and
loud renown of warfare,
And life of all its longings kept but one.

“Oh ! to be there for an hour when the shade
draws in beside the hedgerows,
And falling apples wake the drowsy noon :
Oh ! for the hour when the elms grow sombre
and human in the twilight,
And gardens dream beneath the rising moon.

“Only to look once more on the land of the
memories of childhood,
Forgetting weary winds and barren foam :
Only to bid farewell to the combe and the orchard
and the moorland,
And sleep at last among the fields of home !”

So he was silently praying, till now when his
strength was ebbing faster
The Lizard lay before them faintly blue ;
Now on the gleaming horizon the white cliffs
laughed along the coast-line,
And now the forelands took the shapes they
knew.

The Death of Admiral Blake

There lay the Sound and the Island with green
leaves down beside the water,
The town, the Hoe, the masts, with sunset
fired—
Dreams ! ay ! dreams of the dead ! for the great
heart faltered on the threshold,
And darkness took the land his soul desired.

Gillespie

(1806)

RIDING at dawn, riding alone,
Gillespie left the town behind ;
Before he turned by the westward road
A horseman crossed him, staggering blind.

“The devil’s abroad in false Vellore,—
The devil that stabs by night,” he said.
“Women and children, rank and file,
Dying and dead, dying and dead.”

Without a word, without a groan,
Sudden and swift Gillespie turned ;
The blood roared in his ears like fire,
Like fire the road beneath him burned.

He thundered back to Arcot gate,
He thundered up through Arcot town ;
Before he thought a second thought
In the barrack yard he lighted down.

Gillespie

"Trumpeter, sound for the Light Dragoons !
Sound to saddle and spur !" he said.
"He that is ready may ride with me,
And he that can may ride ahead."

Fierce and fain, fierce and fain,
Behind him went the troopers grim ;
They rode as ride the Light Dragoons,
But never a man could ride with him.

Their rowels ripped their horses' sides,
Their hearts were red with a deeper goad,
But ever alone before them all
Gillespie rode, Gillespie rode.

Alone he came to false Vellore ;
The walls were lined, the gates were barred ;
Alone he walked where the bullets bit,
And called above to the Sergeant's guard.

"Sergeant, sergeant, over the gate,
Where are your officers all ?" he said.
Heavily came the sergeant's voice,
"There are two living and forty dead."

"A rope, a rope !" Gillespie cried.
They bound their belts to serve his need.
There was not a rebel behind the wall
But laid his barrel and drew his bead.

Gillespie

There was not a rebel among them all
But pulled his trigger and cursed his aim,
For lightly swung and rightly swung
Over the gate Gillespie came.

He dressed the line, he led the charge ;
They swept the wall like a stream in spate,
And roaring over the roar they heard
The galloper guns that burst the gate.

Fierce and fain, fierce and fain,
The troopers rode the reeking flight :
The very stones remember still
The end of them that stab by night.

They've kept the tale a hundred years,
They'll keep the tale a hundred more :
Riding at dawn, riding alone,
Gillespie came to false Vellore.

Seringapatam

"THE sleep that Tippoo Sahib sleeps
Heeds not the cry of man ;
The faith that Tippoo Sahib keeps
No judge on earth may scan ;
He is the lord of whom ye hold
Spirit and sense and limb,
Fetter and chain are all ye gain
Who dared to plead with him."

Baird was bonny and Baird was young,
His heart was strong as steel,
But life and death in the balance hung,
For his wounds were ill to heal.
"Of fifty chains the Sultan gave
We have filled but forty-nine :
We dare not fail of the perfect tale
For all Golconda's mine."

That was the hour when Lucas first
Leapt to his long renown ;
Like summer rains his anger burst,
And swept their scruples down.

Seringapatam

"Tell ye the lord to whom ye crouch,
His fetters bite their fill :
To save your oath I'll wear them both,
And step the lighter still."

The seasons came, the seasons passed,
They watched their fellows die ;
But still their thought was forward cast,
Their courage still was high.
Through tortured days and fevered nights
Their limbs alone were weak,
And year by year they kept their cheer,
And spoke as freemen speak.

But once a year, on the fourth of June,
Their speech to silence died,
And the silence beat to a soundless tune
And sang with a wordless pride ;
Till when the Indian stars were bright,
And bells at home would ring,
To the fetters' clank they rose and drank
"England ! God save the King !"

The years came, and the years went,
The wheel full-circle rolled ;
The tyrant's neck must yet be bent,
The price of blood be told:
The city yet must hear the roar
Of Baird's avenging guns,
And see him stand with lifted hand
By Tippoo Sahib's sons.

Seringapatam

The lads were bonny, the lads were young,
But he claimed a pitiless debt ;
Life and death in the balance hung,
They watched it swing and set.
They saw him search with sombre eyes,
They knew the place he sought ;
They saw him feel for the hilted steel,
They bowed before his thought.

But he—he saw the prison there
In the old quivering heat,
Where merry hearts had met despair
And died without defeat ;
Where feeble hands had raised the cup
For feebler lips to drain,
And one had worn with smiling scorn
His double load of pain.

“ The sleep that Tippoo Sahib sleeps
Hears not the voice of man ;
The faith that Tippoo Sahib keeps
No earthly judge may scan ;
For all the wrong your father wrought
Your father's sons are free ;
Where Lucas lay no tongue shall say
That Mercy bound not me.”

The Non-Combatant

AMONG a race high-handed, strong of heart,
Sea-rovers, conquerors, builders in the waste,
He had his birth ; a nature too complete,
Eager and doubtful, no man's soldier sworn
And no man's chosen captain ; born to fail,
A name without an echo : yet he too
Within the cloister of his narrow days
Fulfilled the ancestral rites, and kept alive
The eternal fire ; it may be, not in vain :
For out of those who dropped a downward glance
Upon the weakling huddled at his prayers,
Perchance some looked beyond him, and then
first
Beheld the glory, and what shrine it filled,
And to what Spirit sacred : or perchance
Some heard him chanting, though but to himself,
The old heroic names : and went their way :
And hummed his music on the march to death.

Clifton Chapel

THIS is the Chapel : here, my son,
Your father thought the thoughts of youth,
And heard the words that one by one
The touch of Life has turned to truth.
Here in a day that is not far
You too may speak with noble ghosts,
Of manhood and the vows of war
You made before the Lord of Hosts.

To set the Cause above renown,
To love the game beyond the prize,
To honour while you strike him down
The foe that comes with fearless eyes :
To count the life of battle good,
And dear the land that gave you birth,
And dearer yet the brotherhood
That binds the brave of all the earth.—

My son, the oath is yours : the end
Is His, Who built the world of strife,
Who gave His children Pain for friend,
And Death for surest hope of life.

Clifton Chapel

To-day and here the fight's begun,
Of the great fellowship you're free ;
Henceforth the School and you are one,
And what You are, the race shall be.

God send you fortune : yet be sure,
Among the lights that gleam and pass,
You'll live to follow none more pure
Than that which glows on yonder brass :
“ *Qui procul hinc,*” the legend's writ,—
The frontier-grave is far away—
“ *Qui ante diem periit :*
Sed miles, sed pro patria.”

England

PRAISE thou with praise unending
The Master of the Wine ;
To all their portions sending
Himself he mingled thine :

The sea-born flush of morning,
The sea-born hush of night,
The East wind comfort scorning,
And the North wind driving right ;

The world for gain and giving,
The game for man and boy,
The life that joys in living,
The faith that lives in joy.

The Echo

of a Ballad sung by H. Plunket Greene to his old School

TWICE three hundred boys were we
 Long ago, long ago,
Where the Downs look out to the Severn Sea,
 Clifton for aye !
We held by the game and hailed the team,
For many could play where few could dream.
 Bonny St. Johnston stands on Tay.

Some were for profit and some for pride
 Long ago, long ago,
Some for the flag they lived and died,
 Clifton for aye !
The work of the world must still be done
And minds are many though truth be one.
 Bonny St. Johnston stands on Tay.

But a lad there was to his fellows sang,
 Long ago, long ago,
And soon the world to his music rang,
 Clifton for aye !

The Echo

Follow your Captains, crown your Kings,
But what will ye give to the lad that sings?

Bonny St. Johnston stands on Tay.

For the voice ye hear is the voice of home,
Long ago, long ago,
And the voice of Youth with the world to roam,

Clifton for aye!

The voice of passion and human tears,
And the voice of the vision that lights the years.

Bonny St. Johnston stands on Tay.

A Song of Ermoor

THE Forest above and the Combe below
On a bright September morn !
He's the soul of a clod who thanks not God
That ever his body was born !
So hurry along, the stag's afoot,
The Master's up and away !
Halloo ! Halloo ! we'll follow it through
From Bratton to Porlock Bay !

*So hurry along, the stag's afoot,
The Master's up and away !
Halloo ! Halloo ! we'll follow it through
From Bratton to Porlock Bay !*

Hark to the tufters' challenge true,
'Tis a note that the red-deer knows !
His courage awakes, his covert he breaks,
And up for the moor he goes !
He's all his rights and seven on top,
His eye's the eye of a king,
And he'll beggar the pride of some that ride
Before he leaves the ling !

A Song of Ermoor

Here comes Antony bringing the pack,
Steady ! he's laying them on !
By the sound of their chime you may tell that it's
time

To harden your heart and be gone.
Nightacott, Narracott, Hunnacott's passed,
Right for the North they race :
He's leading them straight for Blackmoor Gate,
And he's setting a pounding pace !

We're running him now on a breast-high scent,
But he leaves us standing still ;
When we swing round by Westland Pound
He's far up Challacombe Hill.
The pack are a string of struggling ants,
The quarry's a dancing midge,
They're trying their reins on the edge of the
Chains
While he's on Cheriton Ridge.

He's gone by Kittuck and Lucott Moor,
He's gone by Woodcock's Ley ;
By the little white town he's turned him down,
And his soiling in open sea.
So hurry along, we'll both be in,
The crowd are a parish away !
We're a field of two, and we've followed it through
From Bratton to Porlock Bay !

*So hurry along, we'll both be in,
The crowd are a parish away !
We're a field of two, and we've followed it through
From Bratton to Porlock Bay !*

"Fidele's" Grassy Tomb

THE Squire sat propped in a pillowed chair,
His eyes were alive and clear of care,
But well he knew that the hour was come
To bid good-bye to his ancient home.

He looked on garden, wood and hill,
He looked on the lake, sunny and still ;
The last of earth that his eyes could see
Was the island church of Orchardleigh.

The last that his heart could understand
Was the touch of the tongue that licked his
hand ;
"Bury the dog at my feet," he said
And his voice dropped, and the Squire was dead.

Now the dog was a hound of the Danish breed,
Staunch to love and strong at need:
He had dragged his master safe to shore
When the tide was ebbing at Elsinore.

“Fidele’s” Grassy Tomb

From that day forth, as reason would
He was named “Fidele,” and made it good ;
When the last of the mourners left the door
Fidele was dead on the chantry floor.

They buried him there at his master’s feet,
And all that heard of it deemed it meet :
The story went the round for years,
Till it came at last to the Bishop’s ears.

Bishop of Bath and Wells was he,
Lord of the lords of Orchardleigh ;
And he wrote to the Parson the strongest screed
That Bishop may write or Parson read.

The sum of it was that a soulless hound
Was known to be buried in hallowed ground :
From scandal sore the Church to save
They must take the dog from his master’s grave.

The heir was far in a foreign land,
The Parson was wax to my Lord’s command :
He sent for the Sexton and bade him make
A lonely grave by the shore of the lake.

The Sexton sat by the water’s brink
Where he used to sit when he used to think :
He reasoned slow, but he reasoned it out,
And his argument left him free from doubt.

"Fidele's" Grassy Tomb

"A Bishop," he said, "is the top of his trade :
But there's others can give him a start with the
spade :
Yon dog, he carried the Squire ashore,
And a Christian couldn't ha' done no more."

The grave was dug ; the mason came
And carved on stone Fidele's name :
But the dog that the Sexton laid inside
Was a dog that never had lived or died.

So the Parson was praised and the scandal
stayed,
Till, a long time after, the church decayed,
And, laying the floor anew, they found
In the tomb of the Squire the bones of a hound.

As for the Bishop of Bath and Wells
No more of him the story tells ;
Doubtless he lived as a Prelate and Prince,
And died and was buried a century since.

And whether his view was right or wrong
Has little to do with this my song :
Something we owe him, you must allow ;
And perhaps he has changed his mind by now.

The Squire in the family chantry sleeps,
The marble still his memory keeps :
Remember when the name you spell,
There rest Fidele's bones as well.

"Fidele's" Grassy Tomb

For the Sexton's grave you need not search,
'Tis a nameless mound by the island church :
An ignorant fellow, of humble lot—
But he knew one thing that a Bishop did not.

Gabotte

(Old French)

MEMORIES long in music sleeping,
No more sleeping,
No more dumb ;
Delicate phantoms softly creeping,
Softly back from the old world come.

Faintest odours around them straying,
Suddenly straying
In chambers dim ;
Whispering silks in order swaying,
Glimmering gems on shoulders slim.

Courage advancing strong and tender,
Grace untender
Fanning desire ;
Suppliant conquest, proud surrender,
Courtesy cold of hearts on fire.

Willowy billowy now they're bending,
Low they're bending
Down-dropt eyes ;
Stately measure and stately ending,
Music sobbing and a dream that dies.

Imogen

(A Lady of Tender Age)

LADIES, where were your bright eyes glancing,
Where were they glancing yesternight ?
Saw ye Imogen dancing, dancing,
Imogen dancing all in white ?
Laughed she not with a pure delight,
Laughed she not with a joy serene,
Stepped she not with a grace entrancing,
Slenderly girt in silken sheen ?

All through the night from dusk to daytime
Under her feet the hours were swift,
Under her feet the hours of playtime
Rose and fell with a rhythmic lift :
Music set her adrift, adrift,
Music eddying towards the day
Swept her along as brooks in Maytime
Carry the freshly falling May.

Ladies, life is a changing measure,
Youth is a lilt that endeth soon ;
Pluck ye never so fast at pleasure
Twilight follows the longest noon.
Nay, but here is a lasting boon,
Life for hearts that are old and chill,
Youth undying for hearts that treasure
Imogen dancing, dancing still.

Del Mezzo del Cammin

WHISPER it not that late in years
Sorrow shall fade and the world be brighter,
Life be freed of tremor and tears,
Heads be wiser and hearts be lighter.
Ah ! but the dream that all endears,
The dream we sell for your pottage of truth ?
Give us again the passion of youth,
Sorrow shall fade and the world be brighter.

The Invasion

SPRING, they say, with his greenery
Northward marches at last,
Mustering thorn and elm ;
Breezes rumour him conquering,
Tell how Victory sits
High on his glancing helm.

Smit with sting of his archery,
Hardest ashes and oaks
Burn at the root below :
Primrose, violet, daffodil,
Start like blood where the shafts
Light from his golden bow.

Here where winter oppresses us
Still we listen and doubt,
Dreading a hope betrayed :
Sore we long to be greeting him,
Still we linger and doubt,
"What if his march be stayed ?"

The Invasion

Folk in thrall to the enemy,
Vanquished, tilling a soil
Hateful and hostile grown :
Always wearily, warily,
Feeding deep in the heart
Passion they dare not own—

So we wait the deliverer ;
Surely soon shall he come,
Soon shall his hour be due :
Spring shall come with his greenery,
Life be lovely again,
Earth be the home we knew.

Pereunt et Imputantur

(After Martial)

BERNARD, if to you and me
Fortune all at once should give
Years to spend secure and free,
With the choice of how to live,
Tell me, what should we proclaim
Life deserving of the name ?

Winning some one else's case ?
Saving some one else's seat ?
Hearing with a solemn face
People of importance bleat ?
No, I think we should not still
Waste our time at others' will.

Summer noons beneath the limes,
Summer rides at evening cool,
Winter's tales and home-made rhymes,
Figures on the frozen pool—
These would we for labours take,
And of these our business make.

Pereunt et Imputantur

Ah ! but neither you nor I
Dare in earnest venture so :
Still we let the good days die
And to swell the reckoning go.
What are those that know the way,
Yet to walk therein delay ?

Felix Antonius

(After Martial)

To-DAY my friend is seventy-five ;
He tells his tale with no regret ;
His brave old eyes are steadfast yet,
His heart the lightest heart alive.

He sees behind him green and wide
The pathway of his pilgrim years ;
He sees the shore and dreadless hears
The whisper of the creeping tide.

For out of all his days, not one
Has passed and left its unlaïd ghost
To seek a light for ever lost,
Or wail a deed for ever done.

So for reward of life-long truth
He lives again, as good men can,
Redoubling his allotted span
With memories of a stainless youth.

The Last Word

BEFORE the April night was late
A rider came to the castle gate ;
A rider breathing human breath,
But the words he spoke were the words of
Death.

“ Greet you well from the King our lord,
He marches hot for the Eastward ford ;
Living or dying, all or one,
Ye must keep the ford till the race be run.”

Sir Alain rose with lips that smiled,
He kissed his wife, he kissed his child :
Before the April night was late
Sir Alain rode from the castle gate.

He called his men-at-arms by name,
But one there was uncalled that came :
He bade his troop behind him ride,
But there was one that rode beside.

The Last Word

*"Why will you spur so fast to die?
Be wiser ere the night go by.
A message late is a message lost;
For all your haste, the foe had crossed."*

*"Are men such small unmeaning things
To strew the board of smiling Kings?
With life and death they play their game,
And life or death, the end's the same."*

Softly the April air above
Rustled the woodland homes of love :
Softly the April air below
Carried the dream of buds that blow.

*"Is he that bears a warrior's fame
To shun the pointless stroke of shame?
Will he that propped a trembling throne
Not stand for right when right's his own?"*

*"Your oath on the four gospels sworn?
What oath can bind resolves unborn?
You lose that far eternal life?
Is it yours to lose? Is it child and wife?"*

But now beyond the pathway's bend,
Sir Alain saw the forest end,
And winding wide beneath the hill,
The glassy river lone and still.

The Last Word

And now he saw with lifted eyes,
The East like a great chancel rise,
And deep through all his senses drawn,
Received the sacred wine of dawn.

He set his face to the stream below,
He drew his axe from the saddle bow :
“ Farewell, Messire, the night is sped ;
There lies the ford, when all is said.”

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Ireland, Ireland

Down thy valleys, Ireland, Ireland,
Down thy valleys green and sad
Still thy spirit wanders wailing,
Wanders wailing, wanders mad.

Long ago that anguish took thee,
Ireland, Ireland, green and fair,
Spoilers strong in darkness took thee,
Broke thy heart and left thee there.

Down thy valleys, Ireland, Ireland,
Still thy spirit wanders mad ;
All too late they love that wronged thee,
Ireland, Ireland, green and sad.

Moonset

PAST seven o'clock : time to be gone :
Twelfth-night's over and dawn shivering up :
A hasty cut of the loaf, a steaming cup,
Down to the door, and there is Coachman John.

Ruddy of cheek is John, and bright of eye ;
But John, it appears, has none of your grins and
 winks :
Civil enough, but short : perhaps he thinks :
Words come once in a mile, and always dry.

Has he a mind or not ? I wonder : but soon
We turn through a leafless wood, and there to the
 right,
Like a sun bewitched in alien realms of night,
Mellow and yellow and rounded hangs the moon.

Strangely near she seems and terribly great :
The world is dead : why are we travelling still ?
Nightmare silence grips my struggling will :
We are driving for ever and ever to find a gate.

Moonset

“When you come to consider the moon”—says
John at last,
And stops, to feel his footing and take his stand :
“And then there’s some will say there’s never a
hand
That made the world !” A flick, and the gates
are passed.

Out of the dim magical moonlit park,
Out to the workday road and wider skies :
There’s a warm flush in the East where day’s to
rise,
And I’m feeling the better for Coachman John’s
remark,

Hymn

(In the time of War and Tumults)

O LORD Almighty, Thou whose hands
Despair and victory give ;
In whom, though tyrants tread their lands,
The souls of nations live ;

Thou wilt not turn Thy face away
From those who work Thy will ;
But send Thy peace on hearts that pray,
And guard Thy people still.

Remember not the days of shame,
The hands with rapine dyed,
The wavering will, the baser aim,
The brute material pride.

Remember, Lord, the years of faith,
The spirits humbly brave,
The strength that died defying death,
The love that loved the slave ;

Hymn

The race that strove to rule Thine earth
With equal laws unbought ;
Who bore for Truth the pangs of birth,
And brake the bonds of Thought.

Remember how, since time began,
Thy dark eternal mind
Through lives of men that fear not man
Is light for all mankind.

Thou wilt not turn Thy face away
From those who work Thy will,
But send Thy strength on hearts that pray
For strength to serve Thee still.

The Building of the Temple

(An Anthem heard in Canterbury Cathedral)

The Organ

O LORD our God, we are strangers before Thee,
and sojourners, as were all our fathers : our days
on the earth are as a shadow, and there is none
abiding.

O Lord God of our fathers, keep this for ever
in the imagination of the thoughts of Thy people,
and prepare their heart unto Thee.

And give unto Solomon my son a perfect heart
to keep Thy commandments, and to build the
palace for the which I have made provision.

Boys' Voices

O come to the Palace of Life,
Let us build it again.
It was founded on terror and strife,
It was laid in the curse of the womb,
And pillared on toil and pain,
And hung with veils of doom
And vaulted with the darkness of the tomb.

The Building of the Temple

Men's Voices

O Lord our God, we are sojourners here for a
day,
Strangers and sojourners, as all our fathers
were :
Our years on the earth are a shadow that fadeth
away ;
Grant us light for our labour, and a time for
prayer.

Boys

But now with endless song,
And joy fulfilling the Law ;
Of passion as pure as strong
And pleasure undimmed of awe ;
With garner's of wine and grain
Laid up for the ages long,
Let us build the Palace again
And enter with endless song,
Enter and dwell secure, forgetting the
years of wrong.

Men

O Lord our God, we are strangers and sojourners
here,
Our beginning was night, and our end is hid
in Thee :
Our labour on the earth is hope redeeming fear,
In sorrow we build for the days we shall not
see.

The Building of the Temple

Boys

Great is the name
Of the strong and skilled,
Lasting the fame
Of them that build :
The tongues of many nations
Shall speak of our praise,
And far generations
Be glad for our days.

Men

We are sojourners here as all our fathers were,
As all our children shall be, forgetting and
forgot :
The fame of man is a murmur that passeth on
the air,
We perish indeed if Thou remember not.

We are sojourners here as all our fathers were,
Strangers travelling down to the land of
death :
There is neither work nor device nor knowledge
there,
O grant us might for our labour, and to rest in
faith.

Boys

In joy in the joy of the light to be,

The Building of the Temple

Men

O Father of Lights, unvarying and true,

Boys

Let us build the Palace of Life anew,

Men

Let us build for the years we shall not see.

Boys

Lofty of line and glorious of hue,
With gold and pearl and with the cedar tree,

Men

With silence due
And with service free,

Boys

Let us build it forever in splendour new.

Men

Let us build in hope and in sorrow, and rest in
Thee.

Notes

The Quarter-Gunner's Yarn. This ballad is founded on fragmentary lines communicated to the author by Admiral Sir Windham Hornby, K.C.B., who served under Sir Thomas Hardy in 1827.

Seringapatam. In 1780, while attempting to relieve Arcot, a British force of 3,000 men was cut to pieces at Perambaukum. Baird, then a young captain in the 73d, was left for dead on the field. He was afterwards, with forty-nine other officers, kept in prison at Seringapatam, and treated with Oriental barbarity and treachery by Hyder Ali and Tippoo Sahib, Sultans of Mysore. Twenty-three of the prisoners died by torture, poison, and fever; the rest were surrendered in 1784. In 1799, at the siege of Seringapatam, Major-General Baird commanded the 1st European Brigade, and volunteered to lead the storming column. Tippoo Sahib, with 8,000 of his men, fell in the assault; but the victor spared the lives of his sons, and forbade a general sack of the city.

Clifton Chapel. Clifton is one of the two schools from which the largest number of boys pass direct into the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, and the Royal Military College, Sandhurst. Thirty-five Old Cliftonian officers were engaged in the late campaign on the Indian frontier: of